Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, June 21, 1917 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE KIND GRAY DAY

Oh, give thyself to the kind gray day
That doth not bargain nor betray!
The tranquil stream
Shall hallow thy dream;
The grasses dry
Divine thy sigh;
And the withered weed
Thy need;
The silent trees
Shall give heart's ease,
Shall dower thee with soft distances,
Vistas of soul tranquilities;
Ah, the silent trees
Appease!
Thy heart shall render due reply
To the quiet of earth and the peace of sky;
Yea, the gray, mysterious depths of the day
Shall fashion thy soul, in a secret way,
To meet Infinity;
If thou wilt yield thee to the day
That doth not bargain nor betray.

—*Hannah Parker Kimball*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 259
"Love for Battle-Torn Peoples" 260
One More Questioner Answered 261

THE PULPIT—
The First Table of the Law Brought Down to Date. IV. Devout Homes.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 262

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
War and Christianity.—Dorothy S. Duryea 265
Chicago Art Treasures.—M. B. P. 269

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of Christianity Into Universal Religion. XX. The Enlargement of Science. II. Charles Robert Darwin 267

POETRY—
The Kind Gray Day.—*Hannah Parker Kimball* 257
A Rainy Day.—*L. H. Bailey* 259
Who Wrote These Lines? 261
A Pagan's Prayer.—*Juliet Whiton* 265
My Cup.—Harreit Lake-Burch 267
Russia.—John Bradford Main 267
Jordan's Sundial 269

THE FIELD—
War-Perils for the Children 270
From Farm to Table 270
1000 Hints on Vegetable Gardening 271
Allegiance to My Country.—Blanca Will 271

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Special Offer

The best works of Dr. Jones were originally published in pamphlet form. We have collected these pamphlets into a single package which we are now offering at exactly half price, containing:

1. The Intellectual Life.
2. The Dual Mystery.
3. The Monroe Doctrine Enlarged.
4. A Plea for Peace Among Nations.
5. The Divinity of Fatherhood.
6. Great Hopes for Great Souls.
7. What Shall I Do to Be Saved.
8. Death as a Friend.
9. The Selfishness of Grief.
10. The Carpenter's Son, the Leader of Men.

The ten pamphlets which originally sold at 10c each, all in a neat envelope now only.....50c

ALSO

Applied Religion—4 10c pamphlets, now 20c

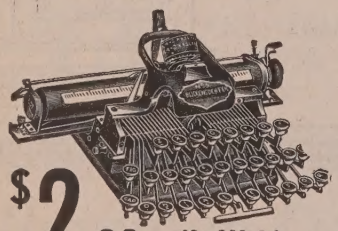
I. A New Help for the Drunkard.
II. Tobacco, the Second Intoxicant.
III. No Sex in Crime.
IV. Not Institutions but Homes.

This is a rare opportunity for readers of UNITY to obtain the above Gems of Thought on a variety of subjects at less than the cost of printing. Send in your order without delay to

Unity Publishing Company
700 Oakwood Blvd.
CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

TYPEWRITER SAMPLES



$2.00 No. 5 Model

Balance $10.00 on delivery. Just a few of these $40.00 machines on hand, while they last at $12.00. These machines are thoroughly guaranteed in every respect. Pin a $2.00 bill to your letter and send in TODAY.

Blickensderfer Mfg. Co.
107 N. Dearborn St. . Chicago

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in
HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1917. NUMBER 17.

A RAINY DAY

The soft, gray rain comes slowly down,
Settling the mists on marshes brown,
Narrowing the world on wood and hill,
Drifting the fog down vale and rill.
The weed-stalks bend with pearly drops,
The grasses hang their misty tops,
The clean leaves drip with tiny spheres,
And fence rails run with pleasant tears.

Away with care! I walk today
In meadows wet and forests gray;
'Neath heavy trees and branches low;
'Cross splashy fields, where wild things grow;
Past shining reeds, in knee-deep tarns;
By soaking crops and black, wet barns;
On mossy stones, in dripping nooks,
Up rainy pools and brimming brooks,
With waterfalls and cascadills
Fed by the new-born grassy rills;
And then return across the lots
Through all the soft and watery spots.

Away with care! I walk today
In meadows wet and forest gray.

—*L. H. Bailey.*

"Thomas Paine's 'Rights of Man' will never die so long as men have rights," says Alice Hubbard in her postlude to the pretty reprint of Elbert Hubbard's appreciation of Thomas Paine put forth by the Roycrofters at East Aurora, N. Y.

Henry Wing Pinkham's sermon on "Was Jesus a Pacifist?" is a spiritual, timely, and to our mind effective answer to Dr. George Gordon's sermon in which he declares that Jesus was not a pacifist. It can be obtained by addressing the author, 68 Upham Street, Melrose Mass. Single copies, 5 cents; $2.50 per hundred.

A correspondent to the *Friends' Intelligencer* tells of her surprise in finding an active member of a church several miles distant sitting in a Quaker meeting, who explained her presence by saying:

"I came here to sit with you today because I want to get away from the war-talk that I hear so constantly in my own church. Our pastor is strong for war, and among Friends I felt sure that I should find peace." . . . .

"Peace I leave with you, *my* peace I give unto *you*. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

All the way from the Anglo-Oriental Press of Lucknow, India, comes a little blue-covered pamphlet entitled "The Possibility of a Universal Religion," by Rev. Charles W. Wendte of Boston. The possibility of a universal religion is a logical necessity of thought. The difficulty is to realize it in practice. What is true in theory must eventually be made true in fact. A world brotherhood is the dream of today—the dream of today must be the realization of tomorrow.

The *Literary Digest* for June 9 gives an interesting account of the rise of a movement on the part of the Salvation Army men to recruit "soldiers of the soil." The *War Cry* gives data of intensive cultivation of the soil by the Salvation Army in the neighborhood of a dozen or more prominent cities. The Christian Endeavor movement is following in the same line. It is hoped that this "war measure" will continue into peace times and peace territories. Are there no incentives to conserve the soil and to multiply the productiveness of earth higher than that soldiers may be maintained in idleness or in the awful industry of destruction?

A personal message to men at the Front is the title of a sermon by Rev. William Chalmers Covert, of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, put into an attractive vest-pocket pamphlet. It is a timely plea to the soldier promptly to ally himself to the virtues of temperance and purity. It is a fresh presentation of the old argument with a lot of new facts illustrating the present demoralization of the army on liquor lines. We wish this pamphlet might find its way into the pocket of the young men in civil life as well as in the tented field. If its behests had been obeyed by the civilians a generation ago, it is possible that the young men of today need not have been called to the colors in such a bootless and fruitless destruction of life and property.

The Seventh Congress of the National Federation of Religious Liberals, which was held in Pittsburgh last March, has put its program proceedings and some of its leading papers into an attractive pamphlet of seventy-five pages. What is in the book is enough to make it valuable if only for the "Illustrative Readings" that serve as interludes in the program, but the addresses on "The Mutual Relations Between Reform Judaism and Liberal Christianity," by Dr. Rosenau, "The Need of a New Vision of God," by Mr. Boynton, "The Religion of Jesus and the Modern World," by Dr. McCollester, "The Rebirth of the Immortal

Hope," by Alfred W. Martin, are worthy of permanent place in the library of anyone interested in religion and its relation to the thought and life of our day. Dr. Charles W. Wendte, 165 Hunnewell Avenue, Newton Mass., is the Secretary. The annual dues are $1, which will bring, we suspect, a copy of this interesting pamphlet.

The City Club of Chicago, in connection with the Western Economic Society, is conducting an interesting symposium this week on "How Shall the War be Paid For?" Professors E. R. Seligman of Columbia, E. Dana Durand of Minnesota, Harold G. Moulton of the University of Chicago, Ernest L. Bogart, University of Illinois, Carl C. Blehn of California, Thomas S. Adams of Yale, Jacob H. Hollander of Johns Hopkins, William A. Scott of the University of Wisconsin, all representing the political economy departments of their respective universities, are to take part in the discussions. The hope of M. Bloch in his great four-volume work was that the economic argument will put an end to war; that the bankers could bring about the international peace that the preachers have failed to bring. This also is the implication of Norman Angell in his "Great Illusion." Of course these professors can make sun clear the truth that the greatest wastefulness that human society is capable of, is the wastefulness of war.

In these days there is great need on the part of every one to clear the issue and recognize the fundamental differences of honest hearts and sincere heads. Perhaps this may help. A brother writes: "I share your faith in the brotherhood of man and the other great unities which seem to be set at naught in these days. I differ from you not in the ultimate goal for which I strive, but in my ability to see even in the present war a means toward that end and not merely the hindrance which you take it to be." This comes pretty nearly being a clear statement of the issue, so far as an epigram can suggest a philosophy. War in the twentieth century with all its fearful elaborations, efficiencies and exhaustions is simply a gigantic survival of outgrown instrumentalities in human progress and can be justified only as the rack, the thumb-screw and the wheel were justified in the Middle Ages as necessary instruments for the promotion of Christianity. It is all a mountainous anachronism. Brotherhood will triumph in spite of, not on account of, this clumsy recrudescence of barbarism. War in this twentieth century is a suspension of civilization which in times of peace persistently, triumphantly, moves forward.

The Open Court for June may be called a Polish number. The Editor furnishes the article on "The Poles and Their Gothic Descent," in which with classic learning he shows how this virile people have persisted in the face of political destruction. The article is instructively illustrated with specimens of Polish art. He sees a new Poland rising under our eyes with an "inalienable national alliance with Germany." Leonard Bloomfield continues our interest in a study of "The Polish Language," which tells us that there are twenty million people in Central Europe who have kept the national bond by virtue of the Polish language; that there are a million Poles in America; that Chicago contains one of the largest Polish populations in the world. All these submerged nations that are rising again to the surface, demanding recognition by virtue of their internal worth, their national integrity and autonomy, would be all the more safe if from the start they asked of the overshadowing powers representation, not armament. Ireland, Poland, Finland, Hungary and other peoples sufficiently marked by individuality of language, tradition and religion, will find their places in the sun when they are willing to accept it without armies, trusting the bond of federation, as state after state has joined the Federal Union, unarmed and with no guarantee of their liberties except such as are secured by constitutional rights and supreme courts.

"Love for Battle-Torn Peoples"

No other one thing put forth by the Unity Publishing Company has had so wide, inreaching and direct returns as the little book entitled "Love for Battle-Torn Peoples," by the Editor. Three editions, aggregating 2,500 copies, have been issued and widely circulated among members of congress, governors of states, teachers and preachers. The last edition is nearly exhausted. The book was printed from the type and has not been stereotyped; if further copies are printed, the order must be placed soon.

A prominent minister of an orthodox church in New York City writes:

> It is full of the most primal Christian truth and appeal and I wish it were in every Christian's hand and could govern the thinking of every Christian mind. It is according to Christ and some day will express the universal judgment. Meanwhile, we must work and pray on until these dark and tragic days are gone.

From a professor of a theological school in California:

> I have just been having a happy and healthful time with your "Love for Battle Torn Peoples." It is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and I bless you for it. The very title is an evangel, and the contents make one lift up his head again and regain faith in God and his fellow man.

Another leading pastor in New York City writes:

> Your little volume is truly a magnificent one. God grant that this war of hate, lies and murder may in divine wisdom be brought to a speedy end.

One of the most lyric and best known among the modern poets writes:

> How I wish that every man and woman in the country might read this great exhortation to love between the nations! It is so terribly needed at this moment here in the East. Everybody has become utterly ferocious—lacking in all balance, hopelessly war mad. It is like a great sickness of the soul of all the nations and I can't see what is going to put us all right again. Messages like this are needed more badly than ever before.

The missionary work already done through this little book has been made possible largely through the generous contributions of two friends who paid for the last two thousand copies. We believe that two thousand more copies could be profitably distributed, largely among the teachers and the preachers of the country. Of course the Unity Publishing Company has no ambitions and no expectations concerning this book other than missionary ones. It will be glad to do the work and direct the distribution. Is there any friend or friends who believe in constructive peace work, in preventive rather than remedial activities and benevolences? The printer offers to furnish 2,000 more copies for $450 if ordered soon. Otherwise the metal will be "thrown in." What shall we do with this metal?

One More Questioner Answered

A distressed reader of UNITY who "fancies that he has not parted with all his moral sense," and whose "patience is being somewhat strained by the present attitude of UNITY," sends us a rather lengthy editoral from a local paper setting forth the atrocities of the Germans, the iniquities of the German government, its determination to "destroy our industries" and "arrest our commerce," and more of the familiar arraignments that President Wilson in his Flag Day Address stated more forcibly, perhaps, than anyone else within the limits of his space. All of this anti-German material is offered in extenuation if not in justification of the present war program of the United States.

After all that has been written and said in the pages of UNITY, have we got no further than this? How helpless is the man in the minority! How imbecile are words! As if our opposition to this war is a justification of Germany; as if our opposition were against this war rather than against all war! As if the atrocities, however flagrant, perpetrated by German armies, the presumptions, however archaic and arrogant, the undemocratic pretensions of the German Kaiser, could be righted by more slaughter, by more undemocratic mobilization of men and money on the part of the United States, that has achieved the high vantage ground of its boasted democracy. One crime can never be atoned for by more crimes. One life can never be restored by the taking of other lives. THERE IS A BETTER WAY.

The religion which our correspondent promulgates rebukes that blind political philosophy which presumes that all the atrocities and all the wickedness in and back of this war can be located geographically or disposed of by nations; or were it possible, by the annihilation of any people or state. The United States entering into the war is cumulative wickedness, because it is increasing the hate of the world. It is promoting murder to an incalculable degree. We pretend to separate the "German government" from the "German people." Then with fatal enthusiasm we proceed to multiply the enginery and mobilize the men whose business it will be to destroy the "German people" at the inevitable cost of untold innocent lives on our part.

Once more we say, hopeless as it is to make ourselves understood, we hate war and are opposed to this war. Our arguments are based on the teachings of the saints and the practice of the martyrs, the gospel enunciated by the prophets of Jewry at their noblest, the sages of the elder world, the Christ of Christendom—Grotius, Kant, Hugo, Channing, Emerson, Sumner, and the noble host they represent. The world has tried the war method throughout the bloody centuries, only to demonstrate its imbecility. It is beginning to try the better method which, when tried, has never failed. Our organized religion begins to enforce this principle in regard to individual conduct. The *good* citizen goes unarmed, and if he dies, he dies without blood on his hands. The church is beginning to glimpse a community ethics, a statecraft, an international morality, based on the same principles.

We repeat once more with Benjamin Franklin: "There never was a good war. There never was a bad peace!" Albeit there was much of goodness, thanks to the benignant providence of the Eetrnal, in all wars, and there was much of badness, thanks to the ignorance and blindness of feeble humanity, in all peace.

Now do you understand us? No, of course not. The very next mail will bring to us some more justifications of the United States war because the German Kaiser is either a fool or a knave—as a matter of fact, he is a mixture of both, and he has brothers many the wide world over.

WHO WROTE THESE LINES?

"From north to southern pole,
From east to western sea,
One fatherland, one flag behold,
One people, self-ruled, free.

"No creed, no race embroil;
No hue, no speech divide;
But justice reigns o'er all the earth,
Good will and peace abide.

"One Father's children we,
With kinship's wreath entwined;
Our country is the peopled world,
Our brothers all mankind."

THE PULPIT

The First Table of the Law Brought Down to Date

The Conditions and Evidence of the Devout Life

IV.

Devout Homes

Sermon Preached January 28, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY.

In the sanctities of the home we would find rest, Father. In the hallowed memories of the fireside we are strong. In the sacred leading-strings of Mother-love, in the sheltering care of Father-thought, we are ever led onward and upward to Thee.

We thank Thee for the holy words of the home. We praise Thee for the revelation of the fireside. Consecrate us, O Father, to the parental obligations of life that little children may heed our word and may not be led astray when they follow in our footsteps. Amen.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee. —*Exodus* XX:12.

I have been trying to bring the first tablet of the decalogue down to date in this series of four sermons. I have spoken of the God-thought, of the sanctity of speech and of the helpfulness of holy times and places, and now I come to the last of the Reverence tablets, which inculcates the sanctities of the home, the devoutness of the fireside.

I am not sure but that the true order has been reversed in the ancient code. Chronologically speaking, reverence starts at the fireside and ends in the philosophy of religion, in the art, music and aspirations that culminate in cathedral triumphs and national enthusiasms. It is no mere whim of language that borrows from the human fireside the most fitting word to represent the divine, the infinite mystery. By the Father-thought at the fireside man has climbed to the Father in heaven. Out of the shelter of home providence we rise to land at last in the thought of motherhood lifted into divine potencies, infinite realities.

It was a necessity of thought as well as a tender touch of emotion that led Theodore Parker to shock the conventions of his time by praying to "Our Father and Mother in Heaven." And so we touch the fundamental reverences when we come to consider the sanctities of the fireside. "Honor thy Father and thy Mother" is the last injunction in the tablet, the first in human evolution. The thought of the Father in Heaven is reached by the trusting child. The love for father and mother, like the other divine provisions of nature, is charged—so over-charged—that it is a physical necessity before it becomes a psychic joy. The bond that binds the child to the parent reaches away down into the primitive orders of life. Only on the very lowest levels of life, found in the ooze of the sea, is parentage disassociated from its offspring. The mother fish lays her spawn in certain places and leaves it; the father fish fertilizes it and leaves it. The multifariousness of the progeny of such reckless parenthood allows for a small percentage of the offspring finding its way into life and maturity.

After life came upon the land there was a period when motherhood had alone to bear the responsibility of parentage. The father strayed away regardless of his responsibilities, ignorant of his progeny. But long before man appeared on the globe, life had become so refined, so directed to a purpose, so laden with affection that it required the joint activities of father and mother to adequately provide the home and secure the necessary nourishment for the family. So, if we seek the roots of parentage we shall find them in the physical necessities of the offspring that must needs be sheltered and provided for in order to insure the continuation of life. We have been speaking thus far of physical needs, but eventually a new element enters into the problem. Thus far it has been merely a concern for the feeding and the clothing, the housebuilding and garnering in the interest of the young, so beautifully anticipated and accepted in the building of the bird's nest, so wisely provided in the squirrel's storehouse and the bee's winter pantry. Perhaps the next step was left for human responsibility to evolve. There comes a time when the parent begins to realize that there is a spirit to be guided, a mind to be furnished, a soul to be developed. Then is born that reverence for the father and mother which is the message of our old text. And this is literally the fundamental of patriotism, the source of civilization.

Physicians are doing much to impress upon human parents the uncertainty and the sadness of the necessity that raises the baby on the bottle. There is no adequate substitute for the mother's breast; the chances of life for the hand-raised baby are palpably weakened. But must father-care and mother-love end with the nourishing of the body? Sad as are the prospects of the baby's body raised on the bottle, how much sadder are the prospects of the baby's soul that must be raised on bottle stuff, when the mother-heart and father-mind forget the profound responsibilities that wait upon the home maker.

In this presence there is not much to be said about the duty of children to respect their father and mother, to reverence the sanctities of home. Unfortunately, my audience is wanting in those who would benefit by the pressing of that subject, so let me rather dwell upon the responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood. If you would have your children revere you, let your life be reverence worthy. Who was the humorist who said, "If you would teach the child the way he should go, walk therein once in a while yourself." Orphaned is the child who has no holy ideals quickened by the memory of the father rule of the fireside. It is not the discipline of the camp that makes for valiant citizenship or that will advance or preserve the nation's honor. The home and not the drill ground is the divinely appointed school of patriotism. The law of the fireside must grow into the law of the State which must reach out beyond its boundaries. Reverence for the father and mother begins at the fireside, but the boundaries of the fireside must forever extend. No garden fence can limit the sanctities of the home. No more can mountain ranges, river courses, or the surveyor's stakes establish the limits of the higher reverences or mark the boundaries of the enlarged loyalties which, reacting, add perennial sanctities to the hearthstone.

The Deuteronomy version of this commandment introduces a new shade of meaning. According to the

Exodus version the reward of reverence is a long life. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long on the earth." But this second version seems to look beyond the career of the individual and urges filial piety that he may contribute to the well-being of "the land which the Lord thy God has given thee." "Honor thy father and mother that it may advance the well-being of the land."

It is not my purpose to teach sociology this morning or to analyze my subject beyond sermon limits, but here is where you may trace, without failure or mistake, the origin of national decay, the source of a country's degradation. Where the home sanctities are violated, the flag is menaced and the country is endangered. Historically speaking, you may trace the decay of nations to the flippancy of the fireside and the irreverence of the young. This brought about the fearful catastrophe of the French, it brought low the pride of Rome and rendered hollow the grandeur of Greece. This is now tearing Europe into shreds. We look far, far away for relief or for solace when we think we may establish the sanctities of the state by reconstructing the boundary lines or making more secure the financial resources or rendering crowns and thrones more stable by the power of guns and the devastation of bayonets. If you would establish the State on foundations that will endure, look well to the sanctities of the fireside. The father and mother, by divine ordination, represent divine realities to the child. The fireside was not only the primitive altar in religion, as history clearly shows, but the first sacred offices were discharged by the mother, whose duty it literally was to keep the fire burning on the home altar, which was also the home fireside. The sacred fire, which the primitive father started by the friction of the wood, continued its sanctities on the altar of primitive man. The holy fires at temple altars must needs be kindled in the old way, by friction, for thus did the early father secure the fire, to warm the baby and cook its food. This is why the old practice still exists in the historic temples of many religions. The light over the altar must never be allowed to go out. Not only successive relays, but successive generations of guardians must see to it that light be kept undimmed and the fire kept burning by the skillful hand of a "Father."

What are the bases of the reverences which we would invoke in the child? The long dependence, the inefficiency, the inadequacy of the babe nestling in the mother's arms or toddling toward the father's knee establish the first obligation, that of parentage, that of providing shelter, as the word home itself indicates. Trace it and the dictionary justifies us in believing that the word "home," in its primitive etymology, means an "enclosure," a place shut in, or rather a place where dangers are shut out. So the primitive sanctities represented the provision for shelter and for food. But that is an obligation which the human father and mother share with their four-footed and feathered relations. Away down and back, we find these obligations recognized and sufficiently met. The mother dove pumps from her own breast the nourishment for the little one and the father bird of many species is busy from morning to night in garnering the food for his dependent offspring. Birds will often face danger and sacrifice life if need be for the protection of their young ones. As George Eliot says, "Birds of softest down have passions in them and are brave for love."

Men and women have not done well if they have not done better than the birds and the four-footed beasts. Mother and father, if you have only seen to it that your child is kept warm and decently clothed and adequately fed, you have not done much. If you would have the child revere you and your grandchildren rejoice in your memory, you must see to it that they have holy memories of father's convictions and mother's inspirations.

I was touched and flattered when, nearly fifty years ago, I went in search of an immigrant aunt of mine in Eastern Pennsylvania to bring her home to visit my father, who had anticipated her in coming to this land of promise. She met me at the top of the miner's camp with the exclamation, "I knew you were Richard's boy when I saw you walk up the hill, you have his swing and step." She had not seen her brother Richard for more than a quarter of a century, and had never seen me out of swaddling clothes. But I am more touched when from over the sea comes the word of a cultivated man versed in the history and traditions of the faith that is in me, when he writes: "I recognize in your printed word your ancestors. Your grandmother and grandfather are visible there." Oh, it is sweet to know that the color of your eyes and the texture of your hair reflect your parental inheritance, but if you have nothing more to give your children than their complexions and the texture of the hair, you have done no more than the beasts of the field are doing. Have you been enabled to kindle in their hearts a passion for the unattainable, a dream of the ideal? Will you attend so painfully to the procuring of the food that nourishes the body and be so careless of the food that nourishes the mind?

What are the elements of the modern home? Shelter? Surely. Carried oftentimes to the point of mortgages, debts, worries, and exhausting household cares. Oh, you must have an adequate home for your children, architects must be consulted, real estate men must be interviewed. There must be a house for your children and an establishment fitting your position and your means. So you go through life burdened with a palace that is not a home, but only a counterfeit of one. It is possible for you so to develop that house and to have so many places provided for your children that the "home" bears the sign on the front door for the better part of the year, "Inquire at the rear." Father and mother are "out," in Europe, at the seashore or in California, the children are provided for at some finishing school or college where, spiritually speaking, they are being brought up on the bottle, and where, intellectually speaking, they are being fed pre-digested food. Orphaned is the child whose father and mother have not taken it by the hand and led it into the sanctities of this great world home of ours. Bereft of home is the child whose parents are too busy, "don't you know," too much preoccupied with social engagements, aye, too much burdened with "responsibilities of the State" or the "interests of the city" that they have not time to get acquainted with their children. A famous New England speaker shocked New England society some fifty years ago when he said, "I am told that my father was a very good man, but I never saw much of him. I was not well acquainted with him, though

I was twenty years old when he died." That good father has a place in the traditions of New England. He wrought well for his day and generation, but his lack of acquaintance with his children is a terrible arraignment of his paternity.

I would not dwell upon disagreeable subjects, but if we would have our children honor their father and mother, fathers and mothers must enter into the honorable vocations of parenthood and must reserve the best of life and their best strength for their children, in order to give them the opportunities which they cannot buy, a comradeship which they cannot hire. I know not which child is more to be pitied, the anemic, ill-fed child "beyond the tracks," or the hungry spirit of the child on the boulevard.

I know the traditions dear to the American heart today. The two men most conspicuous in the love and honor of two races, black and white, could trace back consciously the source of their power to the reverences fostered in the hut. The dying mother placed her hand in holy benediction upon the head of her little Abraham, commending him to the path of integrity and the ways of virtue, and this memory enabled the great President, when burdened as no American has ever been burdened before or since, to say, out of a grateful heart, "God bless my little mother. All that I am or hope to be, I owe to her." She left him when eight years old, left him in an open "shack" in the wild woods of Indiana, hundreds of miles away from the "instrumentalities," as we call them, of religion. And the little boy had to beckon the circuit rider to come through the wilderness and from over the Ohio three months after the grave was closed, to speak the audible word of religion and breathe the prayer that belongs therewith.

I read this morning the first two chapters in a new life of Booker T. Washington, which told of his nativity at a date unknown and from a paternity not recorded. He was a slave child in a slave hut, who confided to his mother his hunger for a book when he found that it was possible even for a black man to read. The mother secreted her intention in the presence of the greedy stepfather, but finally succeeded in buying the boy a copy of the old "blue-backed spelling book." It was many months before he found anyone who could reveal to him the mystic key that would unlock this treasure house. Meantime he brooded over the letters, whose names he did not know, and succeeded in spelling the a-b-abs long before he knew how to pronounce them. And all through that grim life in the salt mines, he went to work at four o'clock in the morning that he might supply the needs of his stepfather, thereby winning release at nine o'clock to run to school. At school he was humiliated because he must needs go barefooted and bareheaded—he had never owned a hat. When he voiced his humiliation to the stepfather he said, "We have no money to buy you a hat," but the mother said, "I will make you one." And so out of a piece of blue jean she sewed for him his first hat, and there grew in him a sense of respectibility. When, long after, footsore and weary, a dirty tramp, he won the gates of Hampton College, a school established for his race, and presented himself for registration, even the authorities of the school, mindful of their obligations, told him to stand aside. For an entrance examination he was given a broom and a dust rag and put to work at cleaning a room. He did his work so thoroughly that the teachers were pleased and he was finally allowed to register as a student and was given the position of janitor. All of his subsequent success he traces back to the benediction of the mother who fostered his ideals, who encouraged him in his dreams. The lives of the mother of Booker T. Washington and the mother of Abraham Lincoln were both cast in the grimmest surroundings, yet these Madonnas of the cabin and the hut gave to the United States these men, these brightest children, the most honored representatives of the white and the black races.

Oh, there must be provision against the weather, there must be clothing, there must be food, and nature has seen to it that there is a love for these material things, but there is also a demand for a leisure that can give the communion of the spirit with one's children.

Oh, parent, you have made but a poor claim to reverence from your children if you have done no more than exercise your best judgment in selecting their dancing teacher, seen to it that their teacher in French has the Parisian accent and consulted the fashion plate in designing their costumes. Where is the mother who follows her child to the Sunday School? Where is the father that will take his child by the hand and see to it that ever and anon he touches the sanctities of life? Bequeath to the child your noblest convictions, beautify your homes with the sanctities of profound earnestness. In the Ibsen drama of "The Doll's House," he does well, as I think, in that when the soul life of Nora was threatened and she realized that she was only a playmate to her children, capable only of amusing them, she had no heart life or soul vision to give them, she fled the home and broke the animal tie which bound her to her children. In this act I think she did well for her children. Not until she had a soul of her own could she bless her children with soul sanctities.

I close, as I began, by saying that the foundations of the nation rest, not on the bayonet, but upon the hearthstone. The sanctities of the church, historically and psychologically, rest upon father and mother love and parental guidance. These are the rounds in the ladder of the reverence that I plead for, the reverence for the home, ever blooming into pride for the neighborhood, growing into an interest in county, state and national life, and at last expanding into the great big home of the heavenly Father wherein all men are brothers.

It is not because I have no other words to speak that every thought started in this pulpit ends in a plea for universal brotherhood. May this tongue of mine wither in my mouth if it fails to follow the beckoning of the spirit in these directions.

When Abraham Lincoln was a mere youth, not twenty-eight years of age, away back in 1837, he delivered an address on "The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions," before the little village lyceum of Springfield. This is a document that is "up to date" today, and proves that the boy Lincoln was the father of the great President. He tells us that this country can never be seriously menaced by a foe from without, and with an argument that is strangely tactical from the military standpoint, he proves that should decay come it would come from inward degeneracy. "If

our nation dies it will die from suicide," and I am proud to believe that I helped to give this wonderful saying new publicity when I resurrected it some years ago and it went the round of the papers.

Lincoln asks, "How shall we fortify against our foes? How shall we be prepared to meet the dangers that threaten our government?

The answer is simple. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the Nation, and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars."

Surely, only upon the sanctities of law, the reverences of the home written large in constitutions and international codes are your firesides safe or the well-being of your children vouchsafed.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," translated into twentieth century terms, means respect for law, deference to all legitimate powers, obligations to those in authority and, above all, a devotion to ideals, a faith in the universal. The piety that starts with the father upon whose knees you played reaches up to a conception of the universe that is parental; to the thought of God, not a king on a throne, but as a Father in his home. No longer will we pray for a *Kingdom* of Heaven, but for a *Republic* of Souls.

Touch us, Father, with a sense of the sanctities of life. Teach us under Thee to lead our children and thine into the paths of peace which are the paths of reason and love, now and forever more. Amen.

A PAGAN'S PRAYER.

So much to know, so little time to learn,
Before the woven thread of life be cut;
So many thoughts of ages gone, to read,
So many visions of the years to come—
And all the great wide world to wander in—

O gods of heaven, and Clotho, Atropos,
Grant me a little while to linger on this earth;
To seek the golden treasures of the past,
To dream of unknown wonders yet to be,
To feel the sweet approach of coming day,
To see the purple shadows on the hills,
And hear the nightingale begin her song—
And then, one day, to leave the summer shores,
And sail across the western sunset sea
To find the land of unfulfilled desires,
Where all I read, has been, and all I dreamed of, is;
Where from the mighty altars of the gods
The pleasant incense curls in wavering smoke,
And all the glories of an older world
Are melted into everlasting peace.

Scribner's Magazine. —*Juliet Whiton.*

Life offered a joy to a lonely man. "This," said the man, refusing it, "is not enough for one person, it is only sufficient for two."

E. Scott O'Connor.

War and Christianity

When the great European war broke the long period of peace, a large proportion of the world cried: "What has become of Christianity?" They lost faith in a religion that could be thrown to the winds at the first hot breath of war! Some regained their faith a little when they saw the spirit of generosity and humanitarianism that blossomed like a flower out of the waste of destruction. Unfortunately that spirit arose not so much from Christian as from patriotic zeal; except in the one great instance of Belgium. Had Christianity been the impelling force in the world, wholesale charity and first-aid would never have been needed.

The sincere pacifists, at the risk of social martyrdom, have done more than anyone else to make world-peace a reality. Whether their motives were of a practical or religious nature, they at least kept a clear vision, free from the distorting influence of human passion. They were not successful in the struggle against the present wave of emotionalism, but they did their best. When the next great crisis comes, their party will perhaps have increased in numbers sufficient to control public sentiment. Those who scoff at the pacifists and call them traitors to their country only display a foolish ignorance, for it is obvious that the tendency of civilization is toward an ideal internationalism as opposed to the bloody expression of patriotism.

If Christianity seems to be a failure, it is not because its doctrine is wrong, but because the world is too cowardly to practice it! Just now the allied nations believe that with the extermination of German militarism the world will be a better place and some plan of peace may be agreed upon. There is no doubt but that there will be a much-needed rest and that the nations, sick and weary from the sufferings and crimes of war, will be in the mood to consider peace propaganda. But will it last? So long as there are governments and politicians and extravagant patriotism, there will be danger of intrigues that might eventually undermine even the most carefully laid peace treaties. An international police would be more apt to become corrupt than the police force of one of our great cities. I do not say that it would not help. I only maintain that it cannot hold forever.

How then are we to be assured of a steady progress toward a lasting peace? We cannot continue to put our whole souls into a cause that may be of very little value in the end. There remains only one thing to do; that is, to shift our energies and enthusiasm to a cause that cannot possibly be wrong; that has for its basis something besides the fallible laws of man!

The world just now is scornful of Christian ethics; at least outwardly so! People are eager enough to defend their actions by quoting some passage in the Bible, it is true. They find a phrase that can be interpreted to suit themselves, and having deceived their consciences into a belief that their actions are approved on High, they blissfully ignore the great bulk of evidence on the other side. The sincere student, however, who is hunting for the truth, whether he like it or not, cannot fail to see the true meaning in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. But what is most significant is the fact that He gave us an ex-

ample of those principles in a life of unparalleled mercy and humility. Mocked, insulted, trodden upon and crucified, He was nevertheless the greatest conqueror the world has ever known. Is there no lesson here? Can we find in the life or teachings of this man any defense of physical warfare? He laid down simple rules for us to follow. They are not easy and they bring no great promise of earthly reward, but they sum up the ideals worth fighting for: not a war against flesh and blood, but against the evil tendencies within ourselves and in the world around us.

There have been crusades against vice of all kinds and much has been done to better conditions. And yet vice has never been stamped out, nor will it ever be except by the gradual spiritual growth from within! As each individual sees his own foolish errors and weaknesses, he must step out of the crowd and make his life an independent example for others to follow. If he be forever postponing his reform because he is "ahead of his time," his time will never come! To follow blindly the dictates of a government is to shirk one's own moral responsibility in the world. Patriotism is a beautiful and uplifting thing, but when civic and moral duty do not coincide, it is obvious which to be true to.

When we realize that probably four-fifths of the men who go forth to battle for their country have not been willing to lead honest, clean and law-abiding lives for her, the noble sacrifice loses some of its sanctification. In the name of God and Humanity men are called from beating their wives, drinking in saloons and robbing their neighbor, to murder men of a different nationality who are no worse than they are. How can we believe in, and help others to believe in, Christianity, when our country orders us to break one of the first commandments? Patriotism, run rampant, forgets the things of the soul. It is a relic of barbarism to relieve suffering and save life, when by doing so we merely transfer the burden to somebody else, no matter how much they may deserve it. "Vengeance is mine" is no meaningless phrase. And how about loving our enemies? It seems difficult, but there is no defense for those who have not tried. The fact that those who succeed are persecuted as cowards or traitors, only goes to show the moral unsoundness of the masses. In the early days of Christianity, for every Christian that was martyred, ten sprang up in his place. By the example of one man, others are given courage to live up to their convictions.

I am not advocating organized rebellion; I only say that there comes a time in the history of every country when some citizens have advanced sufficiently in their own spiritual development to make it impossible for them to be blindly obedient to the demands of old habits and institutions. It does not mean disloyalty to, or lack of love for, the fatherland; it is simply a demand for the right to live on a higher moral plane.

There was a time when men fought for new lands with the same sense of righteousness that the less warlike nations now feel when they arm to defend their country from invasion. A cruel deed was then a thing to boast of, and the details of war and plunder were sung or recited by every bard. But little by little men awoke to a consciousness of guilt. The first to reform were put to death as rebels, but the number grew until it became a majority. At last men ceased to boast of these things. Today the more civilized nations regard war as an evil,—but a necessary evil! It is but a step to the time when it will be considered inexcusable, even in self-defense, and the aggressive nation will find itself powerless before a foe that stands as proudly and silently before them as Christ stood before Pilate.

You cannot conceive of one country yielding to another without a struggle? The time must, and will, come! Even now more and more men are refusing to take up arms against men of a different race. When there are enough to Christianize a nation, it will be one of the greatest triumphs the world has ever seen. Suppose the invading nation swallows whole this wonderfully passive victim? She will find that she has taken to herself a mighty, living force, together with all the aims and ideals that formed a part of it. Unmutilated by the ravages of war, the conquered race would become in very truth the strength of its new government. Some tragedies, a few abuses, there might be, in the first process of assimilation, but nothing compared to the results of one week of our modern warfare. The strong, vigorous manhood that is now being heaped into a common grave, would remain living, active units to spread abroad their ideals of Christianity and democracy. In a short time the conquering would become the conquered,—and without the pitiful butchery of war!

There is an idea prevalent today that to be unresisting is a sign of weakness. Was Christ weak? It is the easiest thing in the world to resent an unkind deed and to strike back; there is nothing godlike in that! I venture to say that most of those who are at present engaged in increasing the destructive forces of the nations, pray: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done," on bended knees, unconscious of hypocrisy! His kingdom cannot possibly come until men cease to ignore the most vital principles of Christianity. The trouble today is that the world is anxious to find justification for the things they wish to do; and the things they wish to do are, on the whole, those which are easiest, and for which they receive the greatest applause from their fellow men.

So long as national boundaries are of more importance than world progress, there will be wars and race hatred. To be cosmopolitan in times of peace is not enough; it is when the test comes that we find out how weak and small we are. I have heard men confess that they knew all this was right, but that "they were human!" Is that any excuse? To say, "I am human," and to make an effort to be divine, is worse than to be an out and out materialist.

But I hear you ask: "What are we to *do?* This is not a practical solution!" Perhaps not, but it is the only solution. Let the men and women who call themselves Christians put some of the fire and zeal of the early apostles into their lives. Let them be unashamed and unafraid to live up to the difficult standard set for them two thousand years ago. Love your country and serve her faithfully; her laws are usually founded on justice, and must be obeyed. But when she bids you to do what you know in your hearts to be wrong in the sight of God, be true to your own convictions, even if it cost you your life! Do not imagine that you can wait for the government to arrange these things. Reforms always have, and always will come from the enlightened minds of a few. The day

has gone by when the Church controls politics, but the time *has* come when the individuals themselves must carry the Church with them into their offices and to the polls. Religion must become again a practical basis for public and private life; a thing to be talked about freely and without false shame. Unless there is a spiritual awakening, the world will be no better than before, in spite of the brave and worthy efforts of present-day philanthropists. These do much good in the way of providing material comforts and education for the less fortunate, but they do not remove the *need* for these remedies! The cause of most poverty, suffering and crime is that men and women are failing every day in their moral responsibilities. Let each one fearlessly model his or her life as nearly as possible on that of the Christ, and the Kingdom of God will be hastened, and Christianity no longer a mere myth—the vision of a star shining somewhere out of reach!

DOROTHY S. DURYEA.

MY CUP.

Love gave me a portion to drink, and I drank—
Sweet was the draft—sweet, ah God!
So sweet was the draft of the cup which I drank
That all else forever is tasteless and dank—
Sweet, and from God.

Then sorrow was given to me, and I drank—
Drank of the Sorrow, ah God!
So bitter the draft of the cup which I drank
That all else forever is tasteless and dank
Even from God.

May 27, 1917. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

RUSSIA.

Bound down by superstition and enslaved
Of monarchy, hopeless and fearful, daring not
To raise the voice for freedom, nor to speak
'Gainst autocratic misrule and abuse;
For endless years the people suffered on
In silence; speech was penalized with death.

They had no outlook save the narrow bounds
Of peasant cottage or of tilléd fields;
They knew naught save of "master," "lord" and "czar,"
To whom they bowed in servile humbleness;
They thought ne'er of the wider walks of life,
And in their ignorance revolted not.

Yet some there were who struggled toward the light,
Defying anger of their lord, the Czar,
Teaching and forming faithful bands of men
In preparation for the day they knew would come,
Brave patriots they who braved the royal wrath,
The awful penalty, the iron hand.

Came then the War. Five million arméd men,
Five million Russian peasants, sent abroad,
Where, mingling with democracies of earth,
They learned the truth concerning them and theirs;
And knowledge caused them pause, and they
Began to realize the faults,—the remedies.

And though the night was black, the light of hope near gone,
The world a world of blood and wagéd war,
From out the noisome night the day fair dawned;
Free Russia, in her glorious majesty;
Free Russia, clad in robes of justice, liberty;
Free Russia, up from depths of slavery!

JOHN BRADFORD MAIN.

Read at the Confirmation Class Alumni Banquet of All Souls Church, Chicago, May 25, 1917. *Age of writer,* 16.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XX.

The Enlargement of Science

II.

Charles Robert Darwin 1809-1882

I am sure that I never turned one inch out of my course to gain fame.—Charles Darwin.

Charles Darwin is unquestionably the greatest mind liberator in modern history. Luther broke the thousand year old bonds, as strong as iron, of the Catholic Church, giving freedom to man's religious emotions, but Darwin broke the bonds of dogma, the fetters of creed, the limitations of knowledge that imprisoned both Protestant and Catholic.

The story of Darwin is as dear and sweet as it is great. A tall, broad-shouldered man, one would think him equipped physically for unbroken health, but that big body contained not only the great mind, which cut like a sharp sword in the scabbard, but a sensitive, nervous system that burdened his life. During the years when he was doing his greatest work he confessed that he oftentimes was obliged to lay aside his tasks for two months at a time.

Charles Darwin was born on the same day as our Abraham Lincoln, and the startling coincident is an impressive revelation of the subtle weavings of providence which so promptly escape our analysis. One was born in the limelight of English culture, the inheritor of whatever study, wealth and education could add to a palatial home. Far removed in the unexplored backwoods of Kentucky, in a log cabin, bereft of his own traditions which, too late for his knowledge, were found to be noble, deprived of everything that outward circumstances could give, of privileges, of culture, of school, of travel and intercourse with trained minds, the other "twin of destiny" was born. Today Darwin is the respected of humanity; Lincoln, the beloved; both are honored. We cannot say that Darwin is beloved as yet because he has had to encounter an opposition, a distrust and a degree of abuse and contumely that Lincoln never endured. Lincoln took the shackles off from the limbs of four million people; Darwin freed the mind of the world from age long conceptions, once inspiring, but now outgrown and imprisoning.

Darwin belonged to a long line of physicians. A doctor's career seemed to be accepted as his destiny, and when he failed to meet the family expectation bitter disappointment was felt. His grandfather Erasmus had made a place for himself in the cultural life of England. A surgeon and physician of eminence, he was also a naturalist, as the word was used at that

time, and also a poet. His father also, Robert Waring Darwin, was a widely known surgeon.

Like all geniuses Darwin fitted poorly into the curriculum of the schools. He was bright, could commit twelve lines of Cæsar during prayers, but would forget them the next day. Later, on being sent to Edinburgh to study medicine, he attended one operation and only one and could never be induced to try it again. He did attend science lectures, but because of the stupidity of his instructor he came to hate geology. However, he made friends with the fishermen in the bay and was interested in pollywogs. At the end of two years, when home on a vacation, his sister had to break the news to his father that Charles could not and would not be a physcian. He was then sent to Cambridge with the church in view, which he seems to have thought favorably of and might have succeeded in that profession had he not come in contact with young Professor Henslow, who was devoted to science. Between them there sprang up a beautiful intimacy that lasted through life. Charles graduated from Cambridge with no plans. At this time the government was sending out an expedition for survey and exploration which needed a botanist. Professor Henslow suggesed young Darwin. His father allowed him to go with reluctance, only consenting on the advice of Darwin's uncle Wedgewood. When but twenty-two years old he shipped on the "Beagle," one of the most sumptuous vessels built at that time, the cabins being furnished in rosewood and mahogany. He fitted himself with an expensive case of arms which he brought back unused. He tells us that he soon found that if he was going to successfully study the marvels of nature he must not destroy life, thus showing not only a great scientist but a tender soul.

During his school days he had loved to hunt in the valleys and hills of Scotland and Wales. A fellow student and hunter tells of a certain morning when they found themselves before sunrise in a valley in Wales, when their attention was called to a fluttering in the tall grass. Soon Darwin discovered a wounded pheasant which he recognized as his vicitim of the previous day. He hunted no more that day.

This story parallels that of Lincoln's pig and is not the only parallel between these two great men. Darwin sailed on a floating palace; his twin took a voyage in buckskin on a raft. On the humanitarian side their experiences are alike. In the dark days of our struggle, Gladstone, our own Martineau, Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne saw nothing across the sea that enlisted their sympathy. But Darwin, in correspondence with Asa Gray, the botanist, expressed great interest, saying:

> North America does not do England justice. I have not seen or heard of a soul who is not with the North. . . . If abolition does follow with your victory, the whole world will look brighter in my eyes and in many eyes.

His son tells of his father being haunted by the moans of a slave girl as she writhed under the lash of her master in Brazil. This again is matched by the story of Lincoln writing to a sister of Joshua Speed of Louisville, Ky.: "Twenty years ago on a river steamer I saw a band of slaves chained together on the way to the auction block and the cries of a young girl in that band have disturbed my slumbers ever since."

When the "Beagle" returned after a voyage of five years which had been planned for two, Darwin brought his destiny back in the hold in the shape of specimens of flora, fauna and fossils, the assembling of which was obviously a matter of years. He tried to work in London, but his health was failing and he found a place eight or ten miles from a railroad where he lived and worked the remainder of his life. From that home came many books. In 1859 he published the "Origin of Species," which brings out a beautiful side of Darwin's character. Alfred Wallace had engaged in just such an exploration as Darwin, but in the East, in the Indian Ocean. In a friendly way he sent an essay to Darwin asking his opinion, and they found they were running on parallel lines, and there came that pleasant rivalry of generosity as beautiful as it is rare, each urging the other to effort. Darwin declared that Wallace reached the goal independently of his work.

It is not necessary to dwell upon his intellectual achievements. On the publication of the "Origin of Species" there came the storm. Scientists ridiculed him and the intellectual world was in a ferment. The preachers tried to shut away the great classic; even in Unitarian circles the Darwinian theory was a dangerous subject. Twelve years afterwards, in 1870, he published his "Descent of Man," which brought thunder and lightning all along the theological line.

Darwin died in his out of the way home, beautiful, beloved, gentle and tender, after raising a family of scientists who were his associates, and who carried on his work.

As we are trying to discover the forces that work for the enlargement of our religious horizon, the liberation of the religious mind, let us look at other contributions of science.

Copernicus expanded the universe in space. The little world of the Ptolemic system was extended indefinitely. Astrology gave way to astronomy and the old story in which the stars were supposed to be the special charge of angels who put them out at night and took them in in the morning, became now an exact science.

Sir Isaac Newton's is a more substantial contribution to our intellectual outfit. He gave to us the truth of a permanent, persistent force, working always and everywhere in the same way, holding things together, bringing forces toward each other, rendering small and mean the conception of a miraculous creation and supernatural interference with the purposes of the universe.

Charles Lyell worked quietly and finally gave his message that the present geologic condition of the world is explained by forces that are now and always have been at work, and that spasmodic interference has been negligible in effect. He interpreted the world geology in present phenomena, did for the geologic world what Darwin did for the flora and fauna in accounting for variation of plant and animal by the slow forces of selection and survival.

Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" anticipated Darwin's publication as did Emerson in his writings. Thousands of others have helped in the enlargement of religion by science, but the great evolutionary forces may be symbolized by the work of Copernicus, Newton, Lyell and Darwin.

This man Darwin, who had the singlemindedness of a prophet, the simplicity of a saint, the gentleness of a woman and the courage of a hero, his son says was

reticent on the subject of religion, but in the eighth chapter of Volume I of the Life and Letters he quotes him as saying:

In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, that an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What great American was born on the same day with Darwin?

(2) Contrast lives of the two.

(3) In what way were both emancipators?

(4) What two books gave Darwin fame?

(5) Name three or more scientists whose discoveries were revolutionary in their time.

Chicago Art Treasures

Recently a very prosperous business man of Chicago was asked if he had seen the new galleries of the Art Institute. This was at the time of their opening, and the beautiful exhibits of American painting and sculpture were being shown, and his reply was that he had *never* visited our Art Institute. Yet he has time for much leisure from his business and has time for considerable travel. Doubtless he enjoys life in his way, but how much greater enjoyment life might hold for him did he enlarge his vision through knowledge of the art of the world, and he would not have to go to Europe to gain this knowledge. If his were an isolated case it would not be so lamentable; but there are many in his class,—men and women of ample leisure who defraud themselves of this satisfactory source of enlargement for very trivial reasons. One "hasn't time;" another "knows nothing about painting"; and so on; one after another, all pass by "on the other side" of the beautiful building at the foot of Adams Street, with its rich collections, not knowing how much they are losing of life's riches.

Because one is a business man he need know nothing but business: and, thank goodness! but for the business men who loved the beautiful and *must* have some escape from life's sordid side, we should not have this Art Institute for our pleasure and profit. Artists may create the beautiful paintings, statues and tapestries, but it needs *business men* to assemble these creations where all who will may see and enjoy them.

It is no secret that the head of one of our large mail order houses is himself a painter of no small merit, and likewise a critic and collector. I refer to Mr. E. B. Butler, who has now on exhibition for our enjoyment his private collection of French and Dutch masterpieces, and through whose generosity the Art Institute possesses its beautiful Inness collection.

Another business man whose generosity makes it possible for all Chicagoans to become acquainted with great Barbizon painters, is Mr. Cyrus Hall McCormick, who is lending his rare collection of these French masterpieces for a season.

In these two loan exhibits one may view the work of Jacque, Corot, Dupré, Diaz, Le Rolle and many fine Dutch and American examples, among them Israels, Weissenbruch, Mauve, Frank Benson, Inness, Wyant, Metcalf, Redfield and others.

Of course, these aren't a tithe of the joys awaiting you: I speak of these because they are among the passing things and while they may be seen, *should* be.

Get the Institute habit. Go there your half days off instead of to some stuffy picture show, and go regularly. Presently these works of art, like the out-door airs will "sweep gradual gospels in to your soul," and life will be free and full and rich for you, though your purse may be very flat.

Because you sell something or make something with your hands whereby to fill your purse, is no reason you should not know and love good art. The best butcher I ever knew was a fine violinist and spent several evenings a week playing in a stringed quartette "for his soul's sake": and one of the finest art critics in this country is the editor of a journal devoted to the interest of horses—"The Horse Review." John L. Hervey is his name and besides being a good editor, he is a philosopher and art critic as well, whose opinions carry weight in the art world.

To art we go, as to a well, athirst,
And see our shadow 'gainst its mimic skies,
But in its depth must plunge and be immersed
To clasp the naiad Truth where low she lies.

M. B. P.

JORDANS' SUNDIAL.

[The following poem on Jordans' Sundial was written by a "C. O." in the Guard Room at Weymouth Barracks, and sent to the *Friend* (London). It is here copied from *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.*—Ed.]

In the fury of the gale,
'Neath the lash of stinging hail,
When the morning stars grow pale:
"Love endures."

Through the sunshine and the showers,
Still the sundial mid the flowers
Gives its message to the hours:
'Love endures.'"

"Wars may rage and shatter peace,
Dangers threaten, foes increase;
Yet the wrath of man must cease:
'Love endures.'

"Locked behind a prison gate,
Friends may dwell far separate;
But the loyal heart can wait:
'Love endures.'

"Faith and trust are oft betrayed,
Hope's young blossoms droop and fade;
Love alone is ne'er dismayed:
'Love endures.'"

Though the garden lie untended
Still that motto runs unended;
"Love from Heaven has descended,
And endures."

"Now therein of all sciences," said Sir Philip Sidney, "is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter it. . . He cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner, and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue."

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, William C. Gannett, Albion W. Small, R. A. White, Fred V. Hawley, Frederick Starr, Charles Zueblin, Emil G. Hirsch, Joseph Stolz

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

WAR-PERILS FOR THE CHILDREN

Lest we forget the children in the forthcoming stress of war-times, the National Child Labor Committee urges an organized campaign against any attempt to drag them into the conflict. Attention is called to the ill effects of war upon the children of England, where the entire school system collapsed and the welfare of the children was sacrificed to national defense. To prevent such a condition in this country, the committee offers this platform as a working basis for all child-welfare organizations:

"Oppose all attempts to break down the school system in your vicinity either by relaxing the enforcement of compulsory education or by cutting down school funds.

"Oppose all attempts to break down labor laws of your State either by giving children special permits to work, or by exempting certain establishments from the laws limiting the hours of labor.

"Support as usual local and national social agencies."

The Committee's further statements are given in a condensed form in the New York *Times:*

"Emphasis is put upon the need, especially during the war, for supporting all measures that may lead to the enactment of the Child Labor Law, which failed in the last Congress.

"As to conditions in Europe, the Committee points out that the children were forgotten and neglected, and that laws governing school attendance, hours of labor, club, and settlement work, and the interests of the young in general were either relaxed or ceased to exist.

"In Great Britain, schools were taken for military purposes; teachers were enlisted, repairs and supplies were cut down, evening schools, medical and dental inspection ceased, and age limits were changed so that 150,000 pupils between eleven and thirteen went to work, and 300,000 of five years and under were left without instruction.

"Statistics show that juvenile delinquency in England increased 34 per cent. In Berlin, during the first year of the war, twice as many crimes were committed by children as in the preceding year. In Budapest 3,000 munition-workers were children under twelve.

"In England, it was necessary to organize the Health of Munition-Workers Committee, which recommended that children should not be employed more than twelve hours a day or at night.

"'It was also found,' declares the Committee, 'that munition-workers had been allowed to reach a state of reduced efficiency and lowered health which might have been avoided without reduction of output by attention to daily and weekly rest."

"With these examples in mind the Committee appeals to all to guard the rising generation 'not only against immediate breakdown, but also against the imposition of strains that may stunt their future growth and development.'"

—*Literary Digest.*

FROM FARM TO TABLE

W. B. Carlile, Postmaster of Chicago, is conducting a systematic campaign through rural postmasters, trying to bring the producer in the country into first hand relations with the consumer in the city. To this end the Mailing Division of the Parcel Post Department is making this direct appeal to Mr. Producer:

Sir: Are you prepared to supply the constantly increasing demand for farm products occasioned by the present-day conditions? All governmental agencies are now calling upon you to increase your production of food products. The supply is short and the demand is great and will be for some time to come. Avail yourself of this opportunity to engage in the mail-order business by disposing of your products direct to consumers by means of the parcel post; or if you already have an established parcel post trade, to increase it. Do not allow any of your surplus products to go to waste; ship them by parcel post. Thousands of consumers in the city are willing to purchase them at reasonable prices. There is a big demand in Chicago for eggs, butter, cheese, poultry, fruits, vegetables (especially winter vegetable), preserves, jellies, whole wheat and graham flours. Nearly every farmer who has a supply of wheat on

The Public

An International Journal of Fundamental Democracy

The Public is an editorial paper which discusses state, national and international affairs from the Singletax point of view. It abstains, however, from mingling editorial opinions with its News of the Week. This news story, written by democrats, covers in concise and plain terms all the news of historical value.

The Public should be read for information on

Taxation of Land Values,
Public Ownership of Public Utilities,
Commission Government,
Free Trade,
Internationalism, and for able, non-partisan discussion of all political, economic and social problems.

Familiarity with **The Public** will commend it as a paper that is not only worth reading, but also worth filing.

REFERENCES: Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln Steffens, Judge Ben B. Lindsey and—you, after you know its value.

Published Weekly at One Dollar a Year

THE PUBLIC, 122 E. 37th St., NEW YORK CITY

hand can manufacture the coarser grades of flour by purchasing a grist mill, if none is at hand. The Department of Agriculture and other authorities are advocating the use of the whole wheat flour for reasons of economy and greater healthfulness, and the demand for it, no doubt, will be unusual.

The Postoffice Department will assist in bringing you in contact with consumers who desire to purchase farm products direct by parcel post. The Department has granted permission to supply lists of consumers to producers which will, it is believed, be productive of greater results as compared with the plan of furnishing lists of producers to consumers. Therefore, if you are prepared to handle the increased demand and are willing to assist the Postoffice Department in promoting the Farm-to-Table plan to the end that the maximum benefits, which this very admirable plan offers, may become available to all the people, by completing the blank and returning same promptly addressed to Postmaster, Chicago, Illinois.

Regarding prices, please bear in mind that in order to secure the co-operation of the consumers, it is necessary to offer some inducements as an incentive to buy direct. Consumers cannot be induced to buy if the farm prices are higher than the local prices. Make the price an advantage as well as the greater freshness and quality of the product. Divide your profits with the consumer. Use business methods. You will have no difficulty in securing a fair retail price, and the difference between that and the uncertain wholesale price received before would be well worth the effort necessary to secure a consumer as a steady customer on a "Give and Take, Live and Let Live" basis. Do not spoil your trade by an "All Take and No Give" policy.

Information regarding containers, rates, and other matter concerning the Farm-to-Table plan may be had by consulting your postmaster or upon direct application to this office.

THE SUFFRAGIST WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE

National Woman's Party

working solely for an amendment to the United States Constitution enfranchising all American women

"The Suffragist" is the one periodical which gives each week the Congressional record of that question so pertinent to every woman in this country—her right to a voice in her own government.

Published weekly at 21 Madison Place, Washington, D. C.

One year subscription, ONE DOLLAR. *Three months trial subscription, 25c*

"1000 HINTS ON VEGETABLE GARDENING"

By Mae Savell Croy, Author of "1000 Hints on Flowers and Birds"

1000 Hints on Vegetable Gardening by Mae Savell Croy, author of *1000 Hints on Flowers and Birds,* is a complete guide for the amateur gardener, and contains many hints for the old-timer as well. In gardening as in any other industry, new things are always being discovered and shorter ways searched for. In this volume the author has included instructions with regard to all the vegetables commonly supplied to the markets. Each plant is treated individually with regard to soil conditions, transplanting and thinning, cultivation, watering, insects and how to get rid of them, together with recipes for a number of effective spraying solutions. The vegetables are listed alphabetically, numbering sixty-nine in all, and in addition there are chapters devoted to fruits, large and small. Suggestions are given on how to care for the trees and vines and how to produce the largest fruits and berries with the finest flavors. The author even touches upon nut trees and the advantages in planting them.

There are suggestions with regard to practical gardening implements and ideas of particular value to the woman gardener.

The importance of having a hotbed is dwelt upon and instructions given for making one. There is a list of vegetables which are injured by frost and a list of vegetables which frost will not harm. There is a list of vegetables for successive plantings. The gardener is told how to plan to the best of advantage.

All this information is in very brief form, thus eliminating all waste of time and enabling the gardener to get information at a glance instead of compelling him or her to take an evening off and sit down and wade through a great deal of superfluous matter, with here and there a helpful fact. The object of the book throughout is to save time and thus be a real help to the garden worker.

The book more than lives up to its title. Instead of there being 1000 hints on its pages, there are by actual count nearly 1100, and this number does not include several well-written, condensed articles dwelling on gardening and the advantages of having a garden and giving general information on all garden topics. In all it is the most complete handbook for the gardener that can be found in any bookstore.

Aside from the scientific and general information given in *1000 Hints on Vegetable Gardening,* this book contains many helpful little hints which seem so simple and which nevertheless are so valuable to the vegetable when it is not thriving. It tells how to fertilize by treating each vegetable according to its own individual needs. Vegetables are not unlike human beings when it comes to food and care, and what is food for one vegetable is poison for another. The book tells what fertilizer to supply in order to produce luxurious growth, and what should be applied to produce fine flavors. It tells when and how to use fertilizers and not overdo fertilization. It tells how to grow choice vegetables for seed and how to preserve the seed until planting time. It tells how to have an asparagus bed that will yield a good crop and how to produce certain summer vegetables in the winter.

This little volume suggests what is the matter with the raspberry bushes and when rotation should be practiced for berries as well as vegetables. It deals with pollination and gives information as to vegetables that are self-pollinating and those which must be planted in close proximity with other vegetables. It tells why corn being raised for seed must not be planted near any other variety of corn.

1000 Hints on Vegetable Gardening will appear under the Putnam imprint in the near future.

ALLEGIANCE TO MY COUNTRY

The folly of killing to promote life, truth and justice is revealed in the life of Christ, all martyrs, and all criminals, throughout history. No killing of any person or group of people can prove the right or wrong of their contention.

If my brother A had killed the wife of my brother B, and my brother B wished to avenge himself or punish brother A or mete out justice to brother A by killing him, I would strive to do all in my power to prevent brother B from also committing murder. And I would consider such endeavor to be my inescapable duty.

In like manner, since Germany, the brother of my country, has killed some of the family of my country, I must strive in every way that I can to deter my country from committing more murder, surely no less because the murder be legalized and in quantity.

Shall my country, by such action, correct the evil done? Shall my country indeed be proving her scorn of such actions if she adopted them in kind, even if not in degree? Will my country be fitting herself to heal the wounds of a bleeding world in time of her greatest need?

If the government of my country proclaims war I shall consider myself most loyal to my country, *which to me includes also the other peoples of the world,* in refusing to commit murder or in any way participating in any organizations for furthering the purposes of war. I serve my country best in loyalty to humanity itself.

Let all who believe that this war is wrong refuse to further it by killing or other participations. If you believe this war is wrong, refuse to enlist in any war service.

We can and we will overcome evil with good and finally attain the World Country. It will come in spite of war, but not till war itself is overcome. Who can imagine Christ going out to kill? His country is my country.

BLANCA WILL.

Additional copies of this circular can be supplied by addressing Miss Blanca Will, 26 Portsmouth Terrace, Rochester, N. Y.

PHONE DREXEL 1732

Staples Sales Company
Incorporated.
Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR
4004-4006-COTTAGE GROVE AVE
CHICAGO

REEDY'S MIRROR — Unique Among Publications

It is devoted to a breezy and unconventional discussion of the larger issues of politics, sociology, economics, art, letters, music, finance.

Its point of view is tolerantly human rather than academic. Liberalism, as distinct from precipitate radicalism, is its policy. It strives for the best quality in its literary features, stories, essays, poetry, reviews, etc. Its financial articles are as well thought as written, for the public, not for the broker. It is not a society paper and it has no religious affiliations or inclinations.

It is a paper that arouses interest and provokes discussion. It is a paper each issue of which has an interest that persists beyond the concerns of the immediate hour. It is readable any time—anywhere.

REEDY'S MIRROR, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A NEW BOOK

Songs of the Soul

Fifty Original Hymns and Tunes

By A. IRVINE INNES

A work which deserves the attention of lovers of sacred poetry and music, more especially churches and their singers. 50 cents net.

C. W. THOMPSON & CO.
2 B Park Street - Boston, Mass.

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP
743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

DREXEL Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 5-1288

4051 Drexel Blvd.

Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

Our Rates Lowest in Chicago

Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue